

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

The Nurse's Story

BY ADELE BLENEAU

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Placing the Big Guns.

So we set out on our excursion. Our way followed the general direction of the canal. We had wandered along for half an hour, resting a moment here and there, but always keeping in sight of the Halson officer, when all at once I saw him stop, take out his glasses and train them on a spot in the heavens. I knew it must be a tapie. I struggled quickly over the rough ground covered with mounds and uneven with holes made by shells. As the officer had only paused a moment, I had taken the precaution to line up his position with a low bush and a flagpole near by, but on reaching it, I found he had marked it by dropping a lighted cigar. I then began counting the steps, as directed, and when I had done all but the last ten Rene, who had been too occupied by the air craft to pay any attention to me, suddenly cried out, "Don't go any nearer!" and, pointing in the exact direction I had been told to take, said, "There are no more big guns." I was mystified. Had I, after all, done something wrong? I hesitated, and then I put all conjectures aside and did as I had been told. "There are ten big ones," Rene whispered, "and lots of small ones buried. You know they dig holes and hide those." With unsteady hands I shaded my eyes for ten minutes. Then I saw an aeroplane dart out in pursuit of the tube, but as it took the aeroplane many minutes to ascend the tube sailed off toward its own lines before the aeroplane reached striking distance.

We followed along a mile or two more and saw women washing, almost under fire, piling up the wet clothes in great masses on the edge of a tiny stream. They were patting and chattering as if such a thing as war did not exist. Then we retraced our steps. The last few minutes we had heard the deep fall roar of artillery, and as I reached the cottage gate I heard some one say, "They have got the range at last, but it has taken a month to do it." My heart stopped within me. I was too faint to go farther. I had blundered, after all—when—how?

It was luncheon time, but I couldn't have swallowed a bite to save my life. I dragged my trembling body up the cold, worn steps to my attic room. Hour after hour I lay there, hearing the cannonading and growing more sick at heart with each dull boom. Finally about dusk I could endure it no longer, and hastily putting on my bonnet and shawl I went downstairs. The road was full of autos and men, who were coming and going continually. I had hardly stepped out when some one bumped into me and whispered in French, but with a peculiar accent, "Be here at 8," and slipped away. I was indignant with myself when I realized that I had not noticed what the person looked like. Recovering myself, I sped in this direction he had gone. There were several men in khaki and one slouching peasant. It was the peasant who had spoken. What did he wish to tell me? It all seemed so queer. Was he in the German secret service? If so, why was he willing to trust me? And



With Unsteady Hands I Shaded My Eyes For Ten Minutes.

to convince myself by repetition. But still I wanted news of the shelling and was looking around helplessly for some one I might ask when the Halson officer of the morning came by, stopped and asked me if I knew which room Colonel F. occupied. Answering in the affirmative, he requested me to show him the way.

"Follow me again tomorrow morning. You did good work today. Take the boy again." All this was said in snatches.

"I was just beginning to be reassured by his words when my fears of a few moments ago returned. "If this was the message from headquarters what was the other?" I had no time to ask for the old lady called me and asked where I was going. I did not answer her, but in desperation hazarded in a whisper: "A spy will meet me in the garden at 8. Have some one there."

"Accused" and "Thanks," he said aloud.

I then hastily ran down and explained to my landlady that I had been showing the Englishman the colonel's room. She still thought I was French. Looking at me a moment over her glasses, she said: "Don't mind me. Go back up there if you wish." When I realized what she meant I blushingly stammered that the gentleman was not my lover. I was burning with shame and was only able to compose myself by remembering that solely in her evil opinion of me lay the possible success of my mission; otherwise she would report my presence to the commanding officer, and he would in self defense be obliged to order me sent through to my own service.

I waited with misgivings. The hours seemed interminable. I felt blue and utterly depressed, and to keep my spirits up I kept telling myself how wonderful it would be to help him. But it was useless. The gloom remained. I couldn't shake it off. After what seemed an eternity 8 o'clock sounded. The old woman was dozing before the fire. Rene had gone to bed. I got up and slipped out into the garden. From the shadow a figure came forward to meet me. I was too astounded for words. The man was wearing khaki.

"Well," I managed to say in a voice that was cold to my own ears, for khaki and spying got on my nerves.

Speaking with the same doubtful accent I had remarked before, he said: "You spotted the guns all right. How did you do it so quickly?"

"The boy Rene did it," I answered.

"Now I understand," he said. "I had been wondering who was working with you. It will be more difficult tomorrow. They are moving the guns tonight. You had better get in there" and he motioned to the house—"and get busy. A girl as pretty as you are can certainly find the soft spot in some of them. I am going out stalking tonight, and if I find anything"

"Why, you can signal the tube yourself tomorrow," I interrupted.

"No, you had better do that. It's safer, and this is too important to take any chance of making a mess of it. No, what I was saying is that, if I locate them, you will pass by about 10 in the morning driving a stock of sheep; follow me. I will drive them behind the big guns and will have as many sheep as there are guns. Get behind the battery and give your signal."

"Sheep," I managed to say, "but you are wearing khaki!"

"Yes! A dashed dangerous thing to do, coming to a place swarming with English, but as risky as it is it's the safest."

As he said this my spirits rose. I didn't mind anything now, for after all he wasn't a Tommie! Selling his country and his soul, I couldn't have endured that just then. He was just a German who spoke English only too well.

But what was I to do, even knowing what he was. To gain time I asked, "How will you find the guns?"

"Oh, that's my business," he said, and laughed.

"If you can't manage it will some one else come driving the sheep?" I asked lamely, hoping I might find a confederate.

"Oh, unless I miss my guess, I'll be there," he said dryly. "You had better go in," he added, "or you will be missed."

I looked up at him. I must know what he looked like. His face suggested America, and I suddenly felt I had seen him somewhere.

"Who are you?" I asked helplessly.

"Where have I seen you before?"

(To Be Continued.)

SPRING FLOWERING PLANTS. JOHN RECK & SON.

ANNOUNCEMENT DE CHARLES M. PENNY Dentist is now located at his new dental office, Rooms 506, 507 Security Building, 113 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn. Phone 2479-2.

HEART TOPICS

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

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WHAT LOVE MEANS TO A MAN

"A man fell in love. What was that to him?"

"Twas all 'Twas the breath of his life—'twas a hymn Of the soul whose music and rhythm and ring and ring and ring Were sweeter than songs that the angels sing. He loved. That was all—but it filled up his life."

So that all of his thought was of MARRIAGE and WIFE."

Before the heart of a man has been touched by the tender passion, he is a sweet in regard to love. He does not think it worth while to give it a thought. He slaps his bachelor chums on the back and tells them how lucky they are in being free lances. He actually pities the man who is tied down to one woman's apron strings, as he phrases it.

No matter how fascinating the women with whom he is brought in contact may be, he shrinks himself upon the fact that when they are out of his sight they are out of his mind.

He is amused at the girls who set their caps for him under their man's direction. He knows what they don't know—that it is time lost. But he is a man with a man's instincts and his heritage for loving. His heart may be a plant of slow growth, but he cannot live his life out without its breaking into blossom soon or late.

All men are not attracted by the same type of woman. It takes a certain peculiar heart to react with some other heart. Outward beauty of face or form or brilliant intellect has nothing to do with it. It is the unmistakable power of mutual attraction that wonderful magnet so indescribable, yet the golden key, to unlock love, the chord in each heart which vibrates to the touch of but one only. Two may meet strangers, glance casually into each other's eyes, and without a spoken word or clasp of the hand each may realize the influence which means the awakening of the heart. A woman ponders over this sweet and new sensation for many days, yet earnestly. With a man it is different. He finds himself completely submerged in the labyrinth of an unseen power. Love strikes into a man's breast deeper than is the case with woman.

He realizes that it is his man's destiny. He is filled with the fever of unrest until he is presented to the woman whose personality has such an influence. Her presence, the sound of her voice, and the touch of her hand add to his enthralment. She is ever in his thoughts. He cannot get away from them if he would.

He loved! He opened out a new world to him. The one fear that oppressed him was that he was not good enough for her. On the heels of it followed the dread of what his life might become if he failed to win her. His mind constantly dwelt on the need of a plan for a wife, the sanctity of marriage, the yearning for a home of his own and love therein.

He laughs at scars who never felt a sword-cut. Nothing is as it was before to him. He realizes God's plan to mate—that it is not well for man to live alone; that he needs the gentle companionship of a noble, virtuous woman to guide him aright through this forward world of temptation and folly. He realizes marriage makes or maims a man. It means everything to him.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libby's answers to your letters. Correct name and address must be given to insure attention. Initials printed. Write short letters on one side of paper only. Use ink. Personal letters cannot be answered. Address Miss Laura Jean Libby, No. 916 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCHOLARS HAVE NO TIME TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS

A. K. writes: "I am a girl past 17. Last August met a young man who had to go away to school. He wrote often that he would see me at Christmas holidays. We never happened to see each other. Appointments never were filled. I wrote as to why it was. Was this proper as he tells he cares for me? Is it school that keeps him from writing? Please tell me."

Yes, should not be offended at his not writing. His time is so limited. He will explain to you.

TWIN BROTHERS LOVE THE SAME GIRL

J. and C. C. write: "We are twin brothers 19 years of age. We both love the same girl. She is fine, respectable, etc. Her mother objects to either one of us keeping company with her. What's the best to overcome our difficulties, please?"

Under the circumstances it would be best for both of you to give up the girl. Each may find a new sweetheart. Do not cause unpleasantness thus for one another all your after life. Her heart does not seem to go out to either.

LEAP-YEAR INVITATION PROPOSED

G. K. writes: "I am a Sunday school teacher. Deep is my true regard for a young man of 23. Would like him to call some evening. Is it proper to allow my little brother to call at his home and let him know he is invited to our house? This is leap year and invitation proposed may not be amiss. If you are acquainted well with him may not be amiss. Better see him

at Sunday school and extend invitation yourself.

I DIDN'A CARE TO TELL.

Kathleen, Anna and Edith write: "In a recent article on authors, you said you promised a number of young girls that you would find out for them if the author, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was present, was married or single. You did not tell us the result of your investigations. Please let us know."

Yes, I found out. I'm not telling any tales out of school.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

(By Lee Pope)

Miss Kitty told the class to rite a composition on the bad effects of alcohol for homework last nite, this being mine.

The Dangers of Drinking Alkohol and Why Not.

No glass of waikey or beer is complete without alkohol, and for this reason wen we are not drinking milk or lemonade or sumthing, we should confine ourself to waikey, especially small children, such as babies.

Wen alkohol is kept in a bottle, it is harmless and dont make any differents, but as soon as it gets into somebody's stomach, it gets wild and acts the lining.

Wun glass of wiskey leads to another, and after a man has had about 20 glasses he jenrelly dont no wen to stop.

The worst part of wiskey is that it leads to uther things, such as going out drunk, coming home drunk, stealing, untidyness and merder.

In waikey alkohol makes you colder and in summer it makes you warmer, proving that it is not only foolish to drink it, but simpli.

Laws awt to be passed perhibiting the sale of alkohol, ony they never are on account of so many of the people who make the laws drinking alkohol themselves. Proving that we awt to make our own laws.

Alkohol causes more Meths every year than rairode axicides, allperry streets, hospitals and stabbing.

For these reasons we should never give up waikey, wich is perfectly harmless, weather we squert the yard with it, take baths in it or drink it, as laws as we dont do everything with the same waikey.

ZEPPELIN EARN \$175,000.

Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, Mar. 30.—The German Passenger Airship Company, Ltd., of this place, in its annual report, just issued says that while the war has put a stop to the company's regular business, the works have been fully occupied on war orders (manufacture of parts for Zeppelins) and that the gross earnings for the year were \$175,000. As the company was burdened with a heavy deficit, 1915 earnings made it possible to write off a substantial amount. The company has also derived revenue from leasing its sheds at various points, like Baden-Baden, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Dresden and Potsdam to the military authorities.

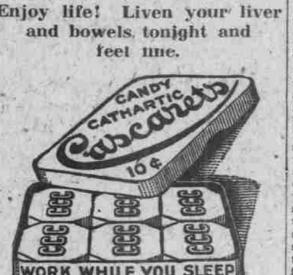
SHAVES TO COST MORE.

London, March 30.—The Hair Dressers' Guild have announced that after April 15 next, they will raise the charge for shaving from four cents to five cents and advance the price of haircutting from six cents to ten cents. Scarcity of labor and the increased cost of materials are given as the reason for the increased prices.

IT'S YOUR LIVER! YOU'RE BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK!

Don't stay constipated with breath bad, stomach sour or a cold.

Enjoy life! Live your liver and bowels tonight and feel me.



Tonight please! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold, bilious or you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store now! Eat one or two tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You will wake up feeling fit and healthy. Cascarets never gripes or bothers you all the next day like calomel, salts and pills. They act gently but thoroughly. Mothers should give Cascarets to bilious or feverish children a whole Cascaret any time. They are harmless and children love them.—Adv.

A Texture That Leads For Popularity



"LA JERZ"

TODAY'S POEM

THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly, Old familiar tune! Once it ran in dance and dimple, Like a brook in June; Now it sobs along the measure With a sound of tears; Dear old voices echo through it, Vanished with the years.

Play it slowly—it is holy As an evening hymn; Morning gladness hushed to sadness.

Fill it to the brim, Memories come within the music, Stealing through the bars; Thoughts within its quiet spaces Rise and set like stars.

Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song Till, in slow time Early sweetness grown completeness Floods its every rhyme; Who together learn the music Life and death unfold, Know that love is but beginning, Until love is old.

Sings, singing through the roses Went our lovers twain; Was there ever such a rose time, Could there be again? Now they tell us "Five-and-twenty June we've seen them blow; Every June's complete, sweeter— Well we lovers know!" —William Channing Gannett, in Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

HANNAH DUSTIN

Perhaps the first woman to triumph in a contest with cunning and crooked Indians was Hannah Dustin, who, on the 30th of March, 1837, performed a feat which has enrolled her name among the world's immortal heroines. Mrs. Dustin and her nurse, Mary Neff, were captured by the savages during a raid on Haverhill. Although she had been confined to bed, Mrs. Dustin was forced to walk, scantily clad, through the snow, without any shoes to protect her feet, and to sleep at night on the wet ground, without any covering but the pitiless sky. After several days the party reached an island in the Merrimac above Concord, N. H., where the chief of the tribe claimed Hannah Dustin and her nurse as spoils of war. The captives were lodged with the chief's family, which consisted of two men, three squaws and seven children, and a captive English boy, Samuel Leonardson by name. Mrs. Dustin, in spite of the privations and indignities she had suffered, was still full of courage, and she plotted with Mary Neff and the English boy a means of escape. Shortly before daylight one morning the two white women and the boy attacked the sleeping savages and killed all of them as they slept, except a squaw and a child, who escaped. They then escaped the savages, as evidence of the truth of their exploit, and fled in a boat down the river, finally reaching Haverhill.

This millinery display at E. H. Dillon & Co.'s, 1195 Main street, is more than a show affair; in addition to being alluring and fascinating, it is equally attractive from a practical standpoint you will be delighted with the exquisite specimens of hats moderately priced.—Adv.

The Duke of Westminster has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

SPRING FLOWERING PLANTS. JOHN RECK & SON.

THE REAL THING

A cold winter's morning and a breakfast of buckwheat cakes, real buckwheat cakes made from



Hecker's Cream Farina is a delicious breakfast cereal

ERECTORS WANTED

Experienced and Skilled Machine Men will find here—steady work—ideal conditions—8 hour shop—highest wages and bonus. We especially need Erectors—Planer Hands and Assemblers.

BROAD STREET AND BULLARD'S Employment Office Open 8 till 12—4 till 6 RAILROAD AVENUE.

CORNER FOR COOKS

Girls Wanted

Scottish Soup. For eight persons, use a good sized leak, trim and wash it and cut it into Julienne pieces one inch long; saute in butter until it is a delicate brown, then add three pints of water, salt and pepper, one quart of potatoes, washed, pared and sliced and a third of a cup of pearl barley. Let all cook slowly together for two hours. Just before serving, thicken slightly with two ounces of melted butter and flour rubbed to a cream. Serve very hot with toast squares.

A Pudding Sauce. A sauce that is delicious with stramon pudding is made as follows: Beat together one egg, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a teaspoon of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Add five tablespoons of boiling milk and serve at once.

Apple Crisp. This recipe requires eight apples (or one quart), a teaspoon of cinnamon, a half cup of water, one cup of sugar, a half cup of flour and five tablespoons of butter. Butter a fireproof dish and fill it with the apples, water and cinnamon mixed. Work together the other ingredients, mixing them gently with the fingertips until crumby, then spread over the apple mixture. Bake 30 minutes uncovered. Serve with whipped cream or lemon sauce.

Potato Puffs. Take about four potatoes or enough to make three tablespoons when mashed; salt them, then add two eggs beaten separately, one teaspoon of dry mustard, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup of sweet milk, flour to thicken stiffly. Drop from a teaspoon in hot cottolene and cook to a golden brown.

White Cake. One-half cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 5 egg whites, 1 cup milk, 2 2-3 cups flour sifted with 3 level teaspoons baking powder and 1-3 teaspoon of salt 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon of almond extract. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the milk and flour alternately, beating (do not stir) until the batter looks like velvet. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Bake in a pan with a tube in the center. Begin with cool oven and gradually increase the heat.

Soft Gingerbread. Cream together, but a cupful each of butter, molasses and sugar, which have been previously warmed slightly. Add half a teaspoon of cinnamon and a teaspoon of ground baking soda in a little boiling water, and beat into half a cup of sour milk (buttermilk is just as good). Add to the other mixture, then stir in one well-beaten egg and two and a fourth cups of flour. Bake in a loaf or in patty pans. It may be possible that a little more flour will be required; the batter should be like cup cake batter.

Potato Pancakes. Eight potatoes, peel and put through fine knife of food chopper; 1 large onion, chopped 1-2 teaspoon salt 4 eggs, beaten lightly; 1-2 cup of milk, 1-2 cup of flour. No baking powder and don't omit the onion.

Use hot griddle of thick iron (not sheet) and plenty of lard.

Lieut. Col. W. S. Scott has been sent to Columbus, N. M., to relieve Colonel Poltz, who is ill.

Ten thousand dock workers along the Mersey river, England, went on strike for better pay.

Thin People Gain Flesh

Taking Father John's Medicine, The Pure Food Medicine.

The elements of which Father John's Medicine is composed are pure and nourishing food elements which strengthen and build new tissue and strength for those who are weak and run down. It is free from alcohol and dangerous drugs in any form. Best for colds and coughs.

Father John's Medicine

Best for Colds and throat troubles. Builds you up. No Alcohol or dangerous drugs.

A Big Attraction. Monday evening at the Colonial Ball Room, 271 Fairfield avenue, there will be another concert, followed by dancing, by the Singing McEnelly Orchestra, which promises a good time to the young people of the city who like dancing to good music. The McEnellys are considered the best orchestra playing in Bridgeport, and have a host of friends. A number of the new dances and new music will be included in the program with a number of novelties. Admission is kept at the usual moderate figure, there will be a large crowd at a good time. You are cordially invited to be of the number.—Adv.

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